About Damn Time

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About Damn Time

by lumosatnight

Summary

All Draco wants to do is eat his custard cup and nap in peace. Is that too much to ask? Apparently so, when the Flamel House for Experienced Wixen is overrun with Harry Potter and his idiot friends.

Notes

Loosely based on prompt #54: In the Old Folks Home for Witches and Wizards, someone keeps stealing Character A's pudding, and by gosh, they're going to find the culprit or die trying!

See the end of the work for more notes

Draco looked out the dreary window and gave a forlorn sigh.

The cake left on the bedside table was still singing the incessantly catchy Happy Birthday melody that his newest descendant had remixed in the cloud (or something like that). The card sitting on the dresser had yet to be touched since earlier that morning when his gaggle of grandchildren had come to celebrate his birthday over a week late (no, Draco was *not* upset about it).

Happy 173rd Birthday! Wow, you're getting old. Try not to keel over from arthritis before your next one. Love, Scorpius.

Scorpius had been the most delightful child, so sweet and naive, hanging onto Draco's every word with adoration. Sweet cherub cheeks always pulling into a smile whenever Draco so much as walked into a room. What had happened in the intervening years? What had Draco done in his 173 years of life to deserve such treatment by his progeny? (Actually, don't answer that.)

He sighed again and attempted to blow out the magically rotating candle. The hologram flickered and went dark before returning to brightness tenfold. Draco rolled his eyes and pushed the cake and candle off to the side. Stupid Muggle technology. It was almost on par with magic nowadays. There were many times in which he could not distinguish between the two.

"Knock, knock."

"Who is it?" he called.

"It's Pearl3. Mr Malfoy, it's time for dinner."

Draco directed his HoverChair to cross to his dresser, from which he pulled a dark green jumper. The communal dining room was always a few degrees too cold.

He briefly debated refusing dinner today, but he knew his protest would be in vain. If he were not present and seated in the dining room within five minutes, Pearl3 would be bursting through the door and dragging him by the chair to join the others. And as much as that might amuse him, it wasn't worth the embarrassment. *Especially,* because the last time that had happened, Harry (the retched oaf) had laughed himself silly and gotten mashed potatoes stuck in his hair — his silky, lustrous, *full* head of hair.

Draco looked at his balding head in the mirror above the dresser and scowled. It must be the potions; that must be it. There was no way Harry's head of flowing locks was natural at this day and age.

"Mr Malfoy—"

"Alright, alright. I'm coming."

No need to get Pearl3's knickers in a twist and have them busting down the door prematurely. Repositioning his silk pillow into a comfortable position, he leaned back in the HoverChair and allowed himself to be escorted to dinner.

"Hello, Mr Malfoy," Pearl3 greeted him as soon as he emerged from the room. "Lovely weather we're having today."

Draco frowned. "Pearl, you know I hate insipid small talk."

"Apologies, Mr Malfoy." Pearl3, the PErsonal Assistant Robot for Level 3, gave a quiet trill and rolled to Draco's other side. "But you know it is part of my programming."

"Well, unprogram it."

"I cannot unprogram myself, sir." If Draco didn't know any better, he would believe Pearl3 had a smug lilt to their monotone voice, but being as Pearl3 was a dispassionate robot, he might have imagined it.

Together, they glided down the hideously carpeted hall (When was the last time they had redecorated? 2099?) and stopped just outside the communal dining hall.

"Why are we stopping?" demanded Draco.

"Today is a big day, sir."

"Is it?" said Draco, prodding his chair forward with limited success.

"The kitchen has just restocked on dessert options."

"Have they?" said Draco, uninterested. He was currently craning his neck to look past Pearl3 and through the doors of the dining room in a poor approximation of a deranged giraffe.

"They have just restocked…" Pearl3 paused dramatically (Could robots even be dramatic?). "... custard pudding!"

Draco's head whipped around. "Custard, you say?"

"Indeed I did."

"Will there be butterscotch?"

"They have restocked all flavours, sir."

Draco set his chin in the palm of his hand and pondered for a moment. He would have to be strategic about this. No dilly-dallying, no hesitation. No being distracted by Harry's head of lustrous hair. No stopping for a chat with dear old Marcus, even if he *was* about to kick the bucket soon.

He snuck a glance at Pearl3 out of the corner of his eye. No need to seem *too* enthusiastic. He cleared his throat.

"And, uh, when will the next restock be?"

"Not until next week." Pearl3 spun in a circle, the fluorescent lights on their shoulders (Did robots have shoulders?) flickering.

Draco considered. "How many butterscotch cups are there?"

"Only ten, sir."

"Blasted ten! What kind of fucking joke is—"

Pearl3 spun around to face him (Did robots have faces technically?) and beeped a warning.

"Let us proceed," Draco said, lounging back in his chair. He was prepared at least. Pearl3 had ever so helpfully given him a forewarning. "I wish to get this tiresome meal over with already."

"What's the magic word?"

"Blasted fucking robots!" Draco sulked. Why were all the robots programmed to be so damn polite? Sometimes, he just wanted to have a cussing match with someone. Was that too much to ask?

Blame it all on Miss Hermione I-know-what's-best-for-the-aging-magical-population Granger. She and her daughter had pioneered the Flamel House for Experienced Wixen, a place for those who were old as shit and couldn't be trusted to keep their sporadic magical powers to themselves.

It was all well and good until Hermione had been thrown in here with the rest of them. Now, she was swearing at the robots just like everyone else. Or maybe she wasn't, Draco didn't actually know. He didn't pay attention enough to notice. Hermione and her friends were on the *other* side of Level 3 — the celebrity side. Why that status still mattered at his age, he didn't have the faintest clue. He had met his fair share of celebrities in his time and had been disappointed by every single one. But that was a story for another day.

Now, where was he? Ahh, yes…

"Onward," Draco demanded, pointing a gnarled finger at the doors. "And park me as close to the dessert cart as possible." He paused then tacked on a disgruntled, "please."

"Right away, Mr Malfoy," Pearl3 responded promptly. With a tipity-tap and a *beep beep bleep,* Draco's chair unlocked and he was led inside.

Draco was ready, his mouth already salivating with excitement. There was no way he would miss his opportunity this time.

Stupid Harry Potter and his blasted fucking hair!

The dimwit had chosen the *exact* moment the dessert cart opened to glide over on his HoverBoard and have a lil' chat. Why on Merlin's magical earth did the man have the most terrible timing in all of existence?

By the time Draco managed to manoeuvre around Harry's five-foot mane of black curls, the dessert cart had been emptied. The only custard left was liquorice, which no one, not even his late Aunt Walburga, wanted to consume (Salazar curse her soul).

It hadn't even been an interesting conversation, passable at best.

"Ahh, Draco, almost late again. You must really be getting old."

"Piss off, Potter."

Draco attempted to dash around Harry's bulky frame (he had put on some weight in the last 100 years), but Harry flipped his long mane of hair at him and blocked his path. Draco's chair, ever polite, immediately came to a halt.

"This feels almost like old times, doesn't it? You remember the good old days?" Potter smiled in that charming way he did, the way he had gotten into many wixen's pants in the past. There had been a few close calls, but so far Draco had remained immune.

"No."

"You used to be such a brat."

"I don't recall."

"Used to swagger around Hogwarts. Call me all types of names."

"Memories are such fickle things."

"I wasn't sure even back then if I wanted to punch you in the face or fuck you in the loo."

"What's that Pearl? You have a message for me?" And Draco *finally* found the override button underneath the armrest and lurched towards the dessert table, effectively side-sweeping Harry and his tower of flowing locks.

But blast it all. It was empty! He could just make out the back of Ron Weasley's head gliding away, his arms laden with custard cups.

See, this was the reason Draco never liked celebrities. The audacity! Just because you did one heroic thing when you were 17 didn't mean you could get the first pick of custard cups for the rest of your life.

Draco returned to his quarters and tried not to dwell on Harry's perplexing conversation or how much he wanted to send Pearl3 to punch the back of Ron's flaming head. Maybe he would request Scorpius to bring him some custard the next time he visited. That boy needed to show some filial piety before Draco keeled over from lack of attention.

It was decided; he would MagiChat Scorpius in the morning.

The next morning, Draco was on his way to the Level 2 courtyard for leisure time when Hermione Granger sidled up to him in her HoverChair. She lounged back casually, her impressive cleavage on display.

Honestly, she was still quite fit for being 174 years old. There were rumours that she had traded her second husband's soul for eternal youth. Draco hadn't put much stock into the theory until her third husband died from premature heart failure (he had been 29 at the time). He had also happened to be a lying, cheating bastard so, honestly, good for her.

Since then, Hermione had entertained a revolving door of partners, and no one quite knew what was going on between the Golden Trio nowadays. Were they together? Were they apart? Who knew, honestly? Who cared? Certainly, not Draco.

After Ron and his wife's messy divorce (it had been all over the papers for months) and Harry's husband running off with the au pair (that had been quite the scandal), the Golden Trio had moved in together and were hardly ever seen apart. If Draco was not mistaken (which he wasn't), the three even shared a room at the old folks home together.

"Morning, Draco," Hermione said cordially.

"Morning."

"Busy today?"

"Why?" Draco asked cautiously.

"I could think of a couple of things to keep you occupied." Hermione looked up coyly, puffing out her chest, and Draco got an unencumbered view down the front of her shirt — no wrinkles or sagging. It was unfair, really! He was starting to believe the eternal youth theory more and more.

"No, thank you," he responded primly. He would much rather keep whatever youth he had left than let it be sucked away during one of Hermione's conquests.

Hermione shrugged, undeterred. "Maybe next time."

"Maybe," said Draco, then clamped his mouth shut. He had not meant to say that.

Hermione smiled. "I remember what you like. I'm sure we can find a time."

It had been during one of Draco's hornier periods (sexual attraction came and went when he was as old as he was) that he had allowed Hermione's cleavage to seduce him into her bed (Pearl3 had needed to help hoist him into it). It had only happened once (okay, maybe twice), but he resolved to stay away after Harry had looked at him the next day in the dining hall and licked his lips, like he knew exactly what he and Hermione had been up to. It might also be because Draco had accidentally-maybe-on-purpose found himself in Hermione's daughter's

bed on Level 8 not a week later. He was all for seducing attractive women, but he was not so much into incest, so it was probably best to steer clear of the whole family from now on (even though Hermione's granddaughter was looking awfully fine the last time she had visited).

Draco tipped his head, unwilling to give a verbal response and sped off in the other direction.

This, unfortunately, put him in the direct path of Harry's HoverBoard careening down the hall. He had one of those pretentious bright red ones with the standing seat — like he wanted to pretend to be standing but remain sitting at the same time. Pointless, in Draco's opinion, and his opinion was always right.

"Draco!" Harry called delightedly, flipping his shining hair.

"Nope," said Draco and pressed the button on his chair to PortKey him back to his room. He was not dealing with that today. No, sir, no thank you.

With a *swish,* Draco was once again sitting in his room on the third floor. He looked out the window onto the grounds. Maybe he would take a walk after lunch instead. Surely, he could find a peaceful place to sit under the Weeping Willow and nap. A place with no overly friendly Harry Potters or cleavage-flashing Hemione Grangers.

Surely.

Draco did not take a walk after lunch. Instead, he snuck over to Pansy's room on Level 4. He spent the next two hours talking in circles and floating in squares.

"...and that's why I will forever hate Potter," he finished, wiping at his sweaty browline. Wow, complaining about Harry really was hard work. He didn't know the last time his heart rate had been up this much.

Pansy made no response as she was wont to do since the incident back in 2054 when Blaise, so distraught at the possibility of his wife leaving him for her lesbian lover, had burned the entire Zabini manor to a crisp, all three trapped inside. Blaise and Daphne had perished immediately, going out in a blaze (heh) of glory, but Pansy had clung on until the Healers arrived and put her in a magically-induced coma. She had not woken up since.

Draco sighed. Pansy used to have the wittiest comebacks. Oh, how he missed them.

"Almost one hundred years, my old girl." He patted her socked foot gently. "I wonder how much longer I have until we can go together. Don't forget, I'm not leaving you here by yourself once I'm gone."

And he wouldn't; he had a plan. Millie had promised him that she would slip an extra dose in Pansy's nightly potions. That way, Draco and his best friend could fall asleep for the final time together. That was if Millie didn't kick the bucket first, the grumpy old bint. She needed to lay off the chocolate cake if she wanted to outlive Draco.

Soon. Soon.

But not yet. In the meantime, he had to figure out what to do with Harry and his unruly friends.

"Yo."

Draco was half-inclined to use his emergency PortKey again. Unfortunately, it had not recharged since his escape that morning.

"Yo, Draco. Bro, wait up."

Ron stomped up to him. He was using the new Walkers, mechanical legs that walked you around like some kind of puppet. Draco much preferred to be sitting down and chauffeured between rooms. Ron also was using 2010s American slang which he had picked up from his great-great-great-granddaughter's (or something like that) most recent history project.

"Hey, can you help me with something really quick?"

"What is it?" Draco responded testily. It was time for his nap. He had missed his first nap of the day and was feeling extra cranky.

Ron leaned down and mock whispered, "I think the kitchen is holding out on us. I want to check their dessert stock."

Draco took a quick peak around the corner. Nope, the Pearls were nowhere in sight. It was probably safe to talk about sabotage. This wasn't the first time Ron had approached him. They periodically went on jaunts around the building, usually when they felt the withholding of food was involved.

"Fine," said Draco, "But it's *your* fault if we get caught." He poked Ron in the chest.

"Bet," said Ron, unfazed. "Let's get it."

Ten minutes later found Draco smashing the Duke of Hasting's vase from the Georgian Era in the front visitor's hall and making a hasty retreat. The alarms blared, the back stairwell unlocked, and the designated cleaner robots zoomed over to wipe up the mess.

A glance over to Ron who gave a quick nod, and they were dashing to the back stairwell before the door could fully close.

Draco neatly directed his HoverChair to glide down the railing. Ron had to take the stairs one step at a time; that was as much as his Walkers could handle. See, this was why HoverChairs were the superior way to travel.

When they finally made it to the basement, Ron shushed him, smashing a finger against Draco's lips.

"Eww, get off me. I don’t know where your fingers have been."

"Shhhh."

They watched in tense silence as an elf in a bouncy yellow sundress exited the kitchen, floating a tray of fresh pies. Ron’s mouth was practically salivating at the sight, and Draco rolled his eyes.

"Now," said Draco, giving Ron a little push.

The kitchen was miraculously empty, and the two of them made a mad dash toward the icebox. Draco won, if only because he directed his HoverChair to stick out a metal rod and trip Ron at the last minute. Ron went down with a crash and a litany of swear words.

"Fucking hell, mate. You could have just said you wanted to go first."

"Where’s the fun in that?" Draco cracked a smile. This was the most fun he’d had in ages, at least since the almost zombie apocalypse of ‘69. Ahh, good memories. That was back when he had both working legs and a full head of hair. What exciting times those were.

"Did you find anything?" Ron called, breaking Draco from his reverie.

Draco glanced around the walk-in fridge. There were peppers and onions, peaches and cream, sausages and chicken strips, and something that looked vaguely like sushi, but they had never served the residents sushi before.

"Nothing. No custard here."

Ron collapsed in a heap on the floor; he would call for Harry and Hermione to collect him later. "I am shook. I was *sure* there would be something."

"Idiot," scolded Draco. "This is your fault. If you hadn’t taken them all yesterday at dinner —"

"I only had two! Two custard cups are perfectly within my rights as a resident —"

"Two! Why did you even need two?"

"One was for Harry, you prick!"

"Tell Potter to get his own dessert for once!"

"Don’t be salty, Draco. You’re not you when you’re hangry."

"WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN!?" bellowed Draco, although his bellow was more like a rough scratch since his vocal cords really weren’t what they used to be.

"You called?" said Harry, HoverBoarding in through the kitchen doorway, his head of flowing locks catching on the air vent and billowing around him. Draco caught a whiff of his

shampoo which he had *not meant to do.* Harry's hair smelled deliciously like apple crisp and treacle tart. Which was NOT distracting — not in the slightest.

"No, we didn't!" screeched Draco, and he pressed his PortKey button for the second time that day.

"Pearl, have I died and gone to hell?"

"Not yet, sir. You have an estimated 12.32 years of life left."

"Thanks, Pearl. Thank you ever so much for telling me that."

Pearl3 blinked red and gave a loud trill.

"Anything else I can get for you today, sir?"

"Yes, MagiCall Theo and tell him to get his scrawny butt back here."

"I'm sorry, Mr Malfoy, but Mr Nott is unavailable for contact."

Draco groaned. "Don't tell me he's off hiding in a cave again."

"He is indeed, sir. I believe his last words to the papers were, 'F*ck you and all your problems. I'm taking my f*cking magic carpet and never f*cking coming back.'"

"You don't have to censor the message. I know what swear words are."

"It's protocol, sir."

"Right," said Draco. He let his head loll back against the headrest with a thump. Damn Hermione and damn her daughter for programming some damn polite robots. He would track them down to have a heated word with them, but he was supposed to be avoiding them right now.

"Sir," Pearl3 chimed, "you have a visitor," right before there was a knock on the door. Robots really were unnerving sometimes. They knew where every resident was at any moment in time. Back in his day, they would just use a nice, totally ethical Tracking Charm.

"Who is it?" called Draco.

"Erm, hey Draco, it's Harry."

"Potter?"

"Err, yeah. Unless you know a lot of other Harrys."

Actually, Draco did know a lot of Harrys. After Harry had defeated Voldemort back in 1998 (wow, was that really over 150 years ago?), the name Harry experienced a huge boom in

popularity. Every fifth wizarding male born after that year was named Harry (Draco knew; he checked the stats).

"What do you want, Potter?"

"Look, Draco, can you just open the door?"

Draco sighed and gathered his patience. Would it really be that bad talking to Potter? It hadn't killed him, not yet at least.

"Come in," he said reluctantly and swivelled his chair around to make room.

Harry glided through the doorway. He had ditched the HoverBoard (thank the heavens) and was in a standard HoverChair now. In his lap, he held a package with a red ribbon tied around the body.

"Happy birthday," said Harry with a sheepish grin.

Draco frowned. "That was last week."

"Oh, I missed it, then."

"So it seems."

"Did you still want your present?"

Draco did his best not to sneer. "I don't need your presents."

Harry took a deep breath. "I asked if you *wanted* it. I know you don't need anything from me."

Oh, but didn't he? He needed Harry's forgiveness when he was seventeen and scared. He needed Harry's friendship when he was forty and alone, attending Scorpius's first quidditch game without Astoria. He needed Harry's focus, flitting to him in the dining hall when he thought Draco wouldn't notice. But Draco *always* noticed.

"I want it," said Draco, and he held out his hand.

Harry handed the package over, letting the touch linger. Over 170 years and Draco had resisted falling for Harry's charms. He wasn't about to give in now.

"I wasn't sure what to get you," Harry said as Draco opened the package, "but I thought this at least you would like."

Draco opened the package to reveal at least twenty custard cups, neatly stacked and labelled. They even had a Preserving Charm over them that must have used up Harry's magical reserves for the week.

"Have you been —"

"Saving a custard for you from every dinner for the last few months because I knew you liked them?" Harry ran a hand through his dark curls. "Erm, yeah."

"Pearl!" yelled Draco, not looking away from his package. "Help me to bed."

"Wait, so that's it? Are you just going to take a nap? You aren't even going to say thank y —"

"Shut up, Potter!"

Pearl3 used their mechanical robot arms to hoist Draco into the bed, even making sure to rearrange the covers all prettily (damn polite robots).

"Pearl," Draco directed calmly. "Help Potter to bed."

"Wait, what —"

"NOW."

Harry was scooped up by Pearl's metal arms and dropped onto Draco's bed. Draco scooted over to make room for Harry and his five-foot mane. Merlin, did his hair have to smell so good? It smelled like a whole bakery, and Draco had always had a sweet tooth.

"Why am I… What's this about now?"

"I'm saying thank you," said Draco and unceremoniously stuck his hand down the front of Harry's pants.

Harry twitched and made a sort of gurgling sound, the bulge in his pants rapidly filling out.

"I suppose that's one way to do it, but you really don't have to. We could just talk, you know, like normal people."

Draco gave him a *when-have-we-ever-been-normal?* look. "And, what if I want to?"

"Well" — Harry licked his lips — "I guess that's alright, then."

"Perfect." He started to move his hand. "Now, shut up, Potter."

Over 170 years and Draco had resisted falling for Harry's charms. It was about damn time he gave in.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Come talk to me on Tumblr @lumosatnight!

This work is a part of an anonymous fest and the creator will be revealed no later than March 20. Please comment here or at our community on Dreamwidth. Thanks! ♥

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!